



where the writers are

## Adam Fieled

*Adam Fieled is an American poet*[Home](#) [Blog](#) [Bio](#) [Writing](#) [Reading](#) [Reviews](#) [Contact](#) [More](#)

#717

On why it has to be that writing  
comfortable garbage is the inevitable  
byproduct of living comfortably, with  
each fresh hell I wonder why the hooks  
towards artful utterance are set this  
way, & why I must become such an  
oyster  
just to confer into a leaking bucket,  
insecurely hung from abraded cables,  
a blue droplet not even of blood but  
of nectar, or wine, or whiskey—



#1547

this is  
what  
words  
amount  
to—  
festivals  
of ash,  
collapsed  
into urns,  
held  
up by  
timid folk  
for the  
bold to  
scatter.



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ABOUT ADAM

Lots of books. Philly.

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#1901

Conshohocken power lines in the rain—  
edges of buildings cut through whitened  
sky, as rising light topples privacy for  
squat-dwellers on the Schuylkill— I see  
power defining itself in lines, acrobatic,  
space-consonant, but always working  
within suburban, subaltern parameters—  
eternity decoyed from a rusty beneath.

#2009

Imagery is cheap, with nothing beneath—  
play a pretty part in puppet-world, against  
all but solipsism, is what you chose, as  
now you're quarantined beneath the  
weight of your pretensions, impaled  
on the permanent lightning of your  
own cruelty doubled back— you can  
see yourself on the set, directing the  
action, mouthing the lines, arranging  
the press, except your body remains  
nailed, it is no cathedral, and in the  
corner the bucket holds only your shit—

#2021

America has its own pathetic fallacy—  
not that the moon loves the clouds,  
but that someone who knows us  
really loves us, is watching from  
above, tying together loose ends,  
reducing boundaries, corralling the  
populace into a virtual arena where  
we watch ourselves defeat all foes  
eternally. Just as mountains kiss the  
sky, all things happen for a reason,  
things right themselves in the end.  
Now, we're pale for weariness,  
wandering companionless, and if  
we're climbing heaven, we feel hellish.

#2030

For those with roots in a cesspool,  
for whom family history is bathing  
in muck, there can be no question  
that symbolic language solves any  
problems— behind a square glass  
façade, there are only acknowledgments  
of prevailing currents, with/against  
us, always a sense of arbitrary,  
rootless movement, continual  
transgression, moments fathered  
into existence in hopes of some  
seminal thrust, as we're borne  
ceaselessly up from blue waves—

#2042

If you attempt to  
create something  
solid from language,  
all the million  
harrows of your  
inadequacy must  
pursue you, what's  
solid is harrowing—

past your control.

As for I, you had  
better sacrifice the  
whole construct,  
complexities & all,  
as it is all evanescent,

and circuits back to  
language show you  
all the magic  
prophecies of non-  
existence you not  
only fulfill, but harrow—

#2057

If you're lucky, you look for  
the dread of facing morning,  
can't find it— you find what  
ever solidity you have, move  
on. But its there, & in snow-  
piles in parking lots, trees  
lining the little Conshy peak,  
stores yet to open on Fayette  
Street, it hides, waiting to  
envelope, dissolve, bury  
anyone who falters for even  
a minute, in its bloody maw—

#2072

A lesson in the world is  
a lesson in how cheap  
human life can be— I  
walk through the amusement  
parks of the "great ones of  
the world," realize that the  
only permanent attractions  
are intoxicating smoke &  
flattering mirrors. If I go  
out of my way to eschew  
the roller coasters, its  
because the upper air is cyanide.

#2090

I'm, I wanted to tell her,  
that last bit of Russia you  
just can't conquer— so,  
as you retreat for the last  
time, with knowledge that  
the war is turning in my  
favor, I sigh that humanity  
has to be what it is— a little  
extra strychnine in my morning  
coffee to settle me down—

**#2094**

Three days before Christmas, its  
unusually warm, the simple fact  
of a solid grey sky redeems what  
torturous human complexities I  
have no way out of— where the  
sky begins is where we end, on  
the ground where gutters fit, I  
heave my own brain into the sky—

**#2104**

If I don't have a lot of nerve,  
somebody does— trying, in  
unspeakably unspeakable times,  
to speak the unspeakable—

rain falls on Fayette Street at  
dawn, I'm having half a nervous  
breakdown, on an acid trip,  
pinning branches to the sky—

**Web Links:**

[A Dozen Leaking Buckets on Chicago School of Poetics \(Poetics List 2.0\) site](#)

[A Dozen Leaking Buckets on Youblisher](#)

